

# The Adams Sentinel.

A Family Journal—Devoted to Foreign and Domestic News, Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Education, Morality, Science and Art. Amusement, Advertising, &c. &c.  
At \$1.75 per annum, strictly in advance;—  
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ROBERT G. HARPER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.  
"REST WITH CARE THE SPIRIT OF INNOVATION UPON THE PRINCIPLES OF YOUR GOVERNMENT, HOWEVER SPECIOUS THE PRETEXTS."—Washington.  
Advertisements \$1.00 per square for 4 weeks.  
25 for each other.

VOL. LXIII.

GETTYSBURG, PA., TUESDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 8, 1863.

NO. 44.

## A Joint Resolution Proposing Certain Amendments to the Constitution.

BE it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following amendments be proposed to the Constitution of the Commonwealth, in accordance with the provisions of the tenth article thereof:

There shall be an additional section to the third article of the Constitution, to be designated as section four, as follows:

Section 4. Whenever any of the qualified electors of this Commonwealth shall be in any military service, under a requisition from the President of the United States, or by the authority of this Commonwealth, such electors may exercise the right of suffrage in all elections by the citizens, under such regulations as are, or shall be, prescribed by law, as fully as if they were present at their usual place of election.

There shall be two additional sections to the eleventh article of the Constitution, to be designated as sections eight, and nine, as follows:

Section 8. No bill shall be passed by the Legislature, containing more than one subject, which shall be clearly expressed in the title, except appropriation bills.

Section 9. No bill shall be passed by the Legislature granting any powers, or privileges, in any case, where the authority to grant such powers, or privileges, has been, or may hereafter be, conferred upon the courts of this Commonwealth.

JOHN CESSNA,  
Speaker of the House of Representatives.  
JOHN P. PLUNK,  
Speaker of the Senate.

OFFICE OF SECRETARY OF THE COMMONWEALTH,  
Harrisburg, July 1, 1863.

PENNSYLVANIA, SS.

I do hereby certify that the foregoing and annexed is a full, true and correct copy of the original Joint Resolution of the General Assembly, entitled "A Joint Resolution proposing certain Amendments to the Constitution," as the same remains on file in this office.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the Secretary's office to be affixed, this day and year above written.

L. S. SULLIVER,  
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

July 14.

## Disinterment of Bodies.

IT will be seen by the annexed order in Col. HOBKINS, the Military Commandant at this Post, that Maj. Gen. (Grant) approves the Order for the disinterment of the bodies of those who died during the months of August and September, viz:

DEPARTMENT OF THE SECRETARY,  
Headquarters, Chambersburg, Aug. 10, 1863.  
Colonel—The Maj. Gen. Commanding directs that the disinterment of bodies shall take place until further order from these headquarters. I am, Colonel, very respectfully,  
Your obedient servant,  
ROBERT L. ROY,  
Capt. & A. A. G.

Aug. 18.

## Auditor's Notice.

THE undersigned, appointed by the Orphans Court of Adams County, to re-settle an Account of Hon. Joel B. Danner and William L. McKee, Executors of the last will and testament of WILLIAM LOUDEN, deceased, and to distribute the balance remaining in the hands of said Executors, to and among the parties legally entitled to receive the same, will attend at this office in Gettysburg, Pa., on Wednesday, the 1st day of September next, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

D. A. BUEHLER,  
Auditor.

Aug. 18.—31

## The Franklin Repository

PRINTED on a large double sheet, forty-eight columns. Price \$2 per annum; \$1 for six months. McCURE & STONER,  
Aug. 1.

## Rebel Invasion!

THE FRANKLIN REPOSITORY published the most complete history of the Rebel Invasion to be found. It also contains an accurate map of the battle-ground of Gettysburg, and the lines of march of both Armies. Price \$2 per annum; \$1 for six months. A few back numbers can still be furnished. McCURE & STONER,  
Aug. 4.

## Portraits of our Heroes.

THE FRANKLIN REPOSITORY of the 29th July contains an excellent Portrait of Maj. Gen. G. Meade, the Hero of Gettysburg, and the number for August 5th will contain an admirable Portrait of Maj. Gen. U. S. GRANT, the Hero of Vicksburg. Price \$2 per annum; \$1 for six months. McCURE & STONER,  
Aug. 4.

## Children's Clothing.

A BEAUTIFUL article, at the store of GEO. ARNOLD. Ladies will please call and see them. [April 25.]

ALL kinds of Straw Goods, embracing Men's and Boys' HATS, Misses and Children's HATS and FLATS, HOOVES, &c., &c., at R. F. McLENNY'S.

ENGLISH, French and American Mustard for sale at Dr. R. HORN'S Drug Store.

GO to Picking for your Spring and Summer Clothing.

MUSLINS at low rates, from 6 cents up, can be had at the cheap store of FAIRBANKS & CO. BROTHERS.

BURNETT'S Ointment, Wood's Hair Restorative, Shilling Hair Tonic, and other preparations for sale at

Dr. R. HORN'S Drug Store.

MRS. WINSLOW'S soothing Syrup for Children, at

Dr. R. HORN'S Drug Store.

SHAWLS in every variety and the latest styles from New York, for sale cheap at

FAIRBANKS & CO. BROTHERS.

MILINERY Goods, Bonnets, Ribbons, Flowers, Shakers and Bonnet Frames just received from New York, cheap at FAIRBANKS & CO. BROTHERS.

OLLOCK'S Leavin, the purest and best Baking powder in use, at

Dr. R. HORN'S Drug Store.

THE American Excelsior Coffee and Broma for sale at Dr. R. HORN'S Drug Store.

A LOT of Fresh Gum Drops, the finest ever offered in this market, to be had at Dr. R. HORN'S Drug Store.

CALICOES, Gingham, Muslin at reduced rates at FAIRBANKS & CO. BROTHERS.

May 12. Sign of the Red Front.

## Choice Poetry.

### THE FADED BOUQUET.

Sweet, throw not those flowers away,  
Though faded and seemingly they be—  
They have bloomed on my mantle for many a day.

And brought tender memories to me,  
I know that the room must be dusted and swept,  
But take up those blossoms, I pray—  
I am sure, in the drawer, where my treasures are kept.

There is room for the faded bouquet.  
Nay, speak not so scornfully, sweet,  
Of that "faded and seemingly they be,"  
And, child, never crush "neath thy feet."

A blossom—the gift of a friend,  
For, well do I know in that warm heart of thine,  
That there will come surely a day  
When memories as tender and mournful as mine

Will cling to a faded bouquet.  
Drooping words may be spoken in jest,  
And those whom we love may be grieved,  
Or friends may prove fickle, for few are so blest

That, trusting, are never deceived,  
And dear ones as strangers may hastily meet,  
And idly pursue their way,  
But never, though all, let a friend "neath thy feet."

Be throw a like that faded bouquet.  
Then, darling, I meant not to chide,  
For, tender and loving thou art,  
And little the world with its fashions and pride,

Will care for those blossoms of the heart,  
But I own I was grieved when you scornfully smiled,  
And brushed the dead blossoms away—  
Ah, when you are older and wiser, my child,  
You will think of this faded bouquet.

### LONG AGO.

Long ago—Long ago!  
Sure a sadder word than this  
No man ever spoken.

When with heart-strings almost broken,  
He thought of the days of his youth,  
The joy of some departed time,  
When all that was seemed all divine!

Long ago—Long ago!  
Can I ever forget  
To all who smile, to all who sorrow,  
To all who trust in the to-morrow,  
For strength and recompense thus thee?

Al! let us cheer it as we may,  
The heart's instinctive answer, say!  
Long ago—Long ago!  
To falling eye and to aching brain,  
Is there a word less dear confession,  
To man, indeed, one truer blessing,  
Than hinders there within his name?

I think not—and we would know—  
There's rest for all in Long Ago!

### Miscellaneous.

This Hand Never Struck Me.  
We recently heard the following most touching incident: A little boy had died.

His body was laid out in a darkened, retired room, waiting to be laid away in the lone, cold grave.

His afflicted mother and bereaved little sister went in to look at the sweet face of the precious sleeper, for his face was beautiful even in death. As they stood gazing upon the form of the one so beloved and cherished, the little girl asked to take his hand.

The mother at first did not think it best, but as the child repeated the request, and seemed very anxious about it, she took the cold, bloodless hand of her sleeping boy, and placed it in the hand of his weeping sister.

The dear child looked at it a moment, caressed it fondly, and then looked up to her mother through her tears of affection and love, and said:

"Mother, this little hand never struck me!"

What could be more touching and lovely. Young readers, have you always been so gentle to brothers and sisters, that, were you to die, such a tribute as this could be paid to your memory? Could a brother or sister take your hand, were it cold in death, and say, "This hand never struck me!"

A Word to Girls and Boys About Order.

Little friends, put things right back in their proper places. Never leave things about, helter-skelter, topsy-turvy.

When you use any article—hoo, shovel, rake, pitchfork, axe, hammer, tongs, boots or shoes, books, slates, pencils, writing apparatus, pins, thumbtacks, pen-cushions, need, less, work-baskets, kitchen-furniture, every article of housewifery, or husbandry, no matter what it is—the very moment you have done using it, return it to its proper place.

Be sure to have a special place for everything—and everything in its place.

Order, order, perfect order, is the watchword—honor's first law. How much precious time is saved (aside from vexation) by observing order—systematic regularity!

And little folks should begin early. To preserve order is everything—in habits of order. These loose, slipshod, slatternly habits are formed in childhood, and habits once formed will cling for life.

Young friends, begin early to keep things straight in their proper place; study neatness, order, ceremony, sobriety—everything just, honest, pure, lovely, and of good report.

### Luck.

Some young men talk of luck. Good luck is to get up at six o'clock in the morning; good luck, if you have only a shilling a week, is to live on eleven pence and save a penny; good luck is to trouble your hands with your own business, and let your neighbor's alone; good luck is to fulfill the commandments, and to do unto others as we wish them to do unto us. They must not only plod, but persevere. Pence must be taken care of because they are the seeds of guineas. To get on in the world, they must take care of home, sweep their own doorway clean, try and help other people, avoid temptations, and have faith in truth and God.

### The Lay Preacher.

The hand of the Lord hath done this.—ISAIAH.

In the unerring course of nature, summer is again brightening and gladdening the earth. The green carpet which so refreshes the sight, lies on hill and plain, by the way-side and in still, cool valleys; the trees bear their rich burden of leaves, flowers are daily opening their dainty petals to the sun, the young corn waves in the soft breeze that is laden with perfume, and sweeps by with lagging wings, and all sights and sounds harmonize in the fullness of beauty.

Not alone through the cold precepts of duty, but with man's whole, grateful, loving heart, should he recognize in these ministers of happiness that the hand of the Lord hath done this. Let the sower pause to think what a miracle He works when He drops his seed into the fertile earth.

Experience has taught him that there is a gum of life within, but of what it consists, the manner of its expansion, the law which says to the root, "Bury thyself in the dark, damp earth," and to the stem, "Work thy way into the sunshine," he knows literally nothing. In the hand of the Lord are the forces that work His will, gentle and mighty as are all His ways.

If, amid all that gladdens and consoles, as well as amid trials, temptations and sorrows, men would but trace the Father's presence, how much deeper and holier happiness would become, and how much more certainly the heavier burdens of life would be lightened to the weary and despondent heart.

Human nature requires various kinds of discipline, and that which seems but accident is the award of a heavenly guardian who knows the spirit's needs. The mingled cup is best, though sometimes the heart rebels at the bitter potion, and he is wisest who drinks without questioning.

The question is not wholly what propensities of good or evil are allotted, but how are they improved. To take life's blessings without growing better, more loving, gentle and grateful, is to change the blessing to a curse; to receive the seeming evil with a rebellious, fretful, impatient heart, is to multiply the effects of the poison destined for need healing. It is comparatively easy to be genial, generous and amiable when the feet tread in smooth places, when skies are bright and the world smiles; but these graces must stand the test of severe trials to prove their worth. If the gentle voice grows sweeter amid life's discords, if the lip refuse to utter the impatient word when the spirit is sorely vexed, if integrity stand unshaken in the whirlwind of temptation, if passion die where it was born, suppressed by the strong band of holy principle, then, indeed, what seem so sharp and oppressive are but tolls for service, rising toward the sublime heights of virtue, where the suitor of God rests serenely forever.

Ever onward and upward, led by the hand of God, the spirit can progress, if it will; but it must first open itself to His influences, becoming meek as a little child seeking guidance. The heavens and earth are full of Him whose presence we must seek. There need be no groping in the dark. Who can look at midnight upon the starry heavens, and not feel that they are the Creator's witnesses, when nothing can gain say? Are not mountain ranges, with their inaccessible cliffs, frowning torrents, draperies of light and shade, eloquent of their Maker?

Is not the ocean, with its vastness, its unresting waves, its terrible tempests and its softer moods, its never ceasing murmur and its changeful lines, suggestive ever and always of Him who holds its waters in the hollow of His hand?

And so from the loftiest to the minutest God is everywhere, even in man's own weak heart, if he will but open its portals and cleanse its chambers, and make it meet for the royal presence. He cannot abide with sin, and so no guest or the other must depart. This choice is truly life's business—all else sinks into insignificance before its momentous results. On the one side peace, integrity, the hope of heaven, on the other unrest, a sinful yielding to the tempter, a sure prospect of death without the solace of the Christian's faith.

Let the hand of the Lord that has done so much for our physical well-being guide us and keep us till the struggle and sorrow are past, and the feet so liable to err are safe within the paths of Paradise.

Endavor always to have noble sentiments, and to be neither ungrateful nor unfaithful. Do good both to your friends and to your enemies; for you will thus retain the first and gain the last. Before you go from home, think what you are to do; and after you have returned, examine your work. Do not let your own mind all that you have done. Say little, hear much, and speak ill of no one. Always advise to that which you think most rational. Do not abandon yourself to pleasure. If you have enemies, make up your differences with them. Do nothing by violence. Pay attention to the education of your children. Sport not with the misery of the wretched. If fortune smiles on you, be not proud; neither be disconcerted if she turn her back on you.

People are not sored by misfortunes, so much as by the reception they meet with in it. When we do not want assistance, every one is ready to obtrude it on us as if it were advice.

Modesty in women is like color on her cheek—decidedly becoming, if not put on.

Why is a minister like a locomotive? We have to look out for him when the bell rings.

### Wouldn't Marry A Mechanic.

A young man commenced visiting a young woman who appeared to be well-pleased. One evening he called when it was quite late, which led the girl to inquire where he had been.

"I had to work to night,"

"Do you work for a living?" inquired the astonished girl.

"Certainly," replied the young man, "I am a mechanic."

That was the last time the mechanic visited the fastidious young woman. He is now a wealthy man, and has one of the best of women for a wife. The young woman who disliked the name of a mechanic is now the wife of a miserably poor, regular vagrant about the grog shops—the poor miserable woman is obliged to take in washing to support herself and children.

Ye who dislike the name of mechanic, beware how you treat young men who work for a living. Far better discard the well-fed pauper, with his rings, jewelry, and brazenness, and take to your affections the callous-handed mechanic. Thousands have bitterly regretted their folly, who have turned their backs to honest industry.

A few years of bitter experience has taught them a severe lesson. In this country, no man or woman, in our way of thinking, should be respected who will not work bodily and mentally, and who curl their lips contemptuously, if they are introduced to a man who is obliged to work for a living.

Struck Dumb in His Sin.

We learn that a man named William F. Campbell, formerly a Representative in the Legislature from Wapello county, Iowa, was making a Coppelhead speech at Bluffs, in that county, on Saturday last.

When he had proceeded for about half an hour in his denunciation of the Government, and those who uphold it, he was struck speechless to the floor. He lingered in that condition until Monday morning when he breathed his last. We did not learn his age; he was a spare built man, not a fit subject for apoplexy. Might not such an occurrence be regarded as an interposition of Divine Providence, and might not the Coppelheads consider it an "arbitrary arrest?"

We do not wish the Coppelhead orators to be struck dead in their treacherous guilt, but they would be able to leave a glorious heritage to their children if they were struck dumb for about six months.

If the measure had gone into operation six months ago it would have been greater cause for their children to rejoice hereafter.—Fairfield (Iowa) Ledger.

Human Nature.

Some wise man sagely remarked, "there is a good deal of human nature in man." It crops out occasionally in boys. One of the urchins in the school-ship Masachusetts, who was quite sick, was visited by a kind lady. The little fellow was suffering acutely, and his visitor asked him if she could do anything for him. "Yes," replied the patient, "read to me."

"Will you have a story?" asked the lady. "No," answered the boy; "read from the Bible; read about Lazarus;" and the lady complied. The next day the visit was repeated, and again the boy asked the lady to read. "Shall I read from the Bible," she inquired. "Oh, no," was the reply, "I'm better to-day; read to me a love story."—New Bedford Standard.

The Louisville Journal thus comments upon last ditch and friendly trees. The "last ditch" theory has been abandoned by the rebels. They recognize submission as possible, but insist that they can still hold out for a time by turning guerrillas and bushwhackers. Thus a writer in the Mobile News says that if driven from the open field they can fire from behind "friendly trees." If the rebels, driven from the field of civilized warfare, resort to a system of murdering from behind "friendly trees," they may perhaps get more strongly and permanently attached to their "friendly trees," than they just now expect. We guess the rebels had better go back to their "last ditch," and let the "friendly trees" alone, if the trees will let them alone.

A letter from Vichy gives the following anecdote of the Emperor Napoleon: "As his Majesty was taking one of his usual walks, a group of peasants, who were ordering round to get a good view, were ordered to stand back by an officer of the Imperial suite. In reply to this injunction, an old peasant said, 'Oh, sir, you see him every day, whenever you please; but we come half a day's journey every other year to admire him. Be just, sir, and let us see him at our ease.' The Emperor, who was conversing with Prince Murat at the time, heard every word of the old man's request, and, turning to him, took his hand and said, 'Why do you not come every year, my friend?' 'Oh, Monsieur l'Empereur, every one takes his turn; last year my wife and son came; this year it is my daughter and myself!'"

What Can a Child Do?

A little boy was amusing himself by singing Sabbath school hymns. As his infant voice was warbling,

Oh! do not be discouraged,  
For Jesus is your friend.

he suddenly stopped, and fixed his large blue eyes upon his mother, who was near, engaged with her sewing, he asked very earnestly:—"Is Jesus your friend, mamma?" Struck by the earnestness and the singularity of the question, from so young a child, the mother pondered long upon it, till her spiritual fears were aroused, and she rested not till she had assured herself that Jesus was her friend.

### A Lilliputian Conscript.

We had a visit, yesterday, from an exceedingly interesting specimen of humanity, named Lewis Greene, who was among those drafted in Mowandala township, Greene county, but who, from his extreme diminutiveness, was rejected by the Board. Lewis is twenty-two years of age, yet he is scarcely larger than a boy of eight, but far better made than any dwarf we have seen, and a vast deal more sprightly, intelligent and interesting. After being drawn, he received his notice the same as the other conscripts and presented himself on Tuesday before the Board for examination. The Provost Marshal had to laugh at the idea of such a little bit of humanity being drafted, and ordered his exemption on sight, whereupon Lewis affected to be greatly disappointed, remarking in a loud voice, that in rejecting him the Board had refused a thorough going man and deprived the army of the services of one of the best soldiers in the State!" The little fellow's conceit produced a hearty laugh among the crowd, in which all joined, and as he left the office he was loudly applauded. In conversation Lewis is exceedingly bright and interesting, having always a ready answer, and enjoying a joke with the zest of a much larger man. We asked him if he had any brothers or sisters. He replied that he had five of the former and six of the latter, upon which some one remarked, "It's no wonder you're so—" but before he could finish the sentence, Lewis interrupted him, saying, "I know what you're going to say, but I wasn't the last!" The little fellow had never been away from home before in his life, and was both puzzled and delighted with the sights he saw in the city during his visit.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

A Brave Man's Answer.

General Butler, in a speech he made while stopping over night in New Hampshire on his way to the White Mountains, was now and then interrupted by Copperheads. He said:

In two years we have seen three-quarters of a million of men raised. Before the sentence was completed one of the Pierce Democrats asked in a sneering air, "Where are they now?" "Some of them," replied General Butler, with his customary promptness, "lie sleeping beneath the soil; and others are still fighting the battles of our country, while you remain here at home aiding the cause of traitors!"

In another portion of his speech General Butler said:

"Will you volunteer?" a voice replied, "No."

"You voted for Breckinridge," said a voice to General Butler, alluding to the last Democratic National Convention. "Yes," said Butler, and if I were so cowardly as you, I might be tempted to deny it."

He then went on to show to these New Hampshire partisans that one might very properly vote for a man under certain other circumstances. When Judas Iscariot was a true follower of his Master, he was no doubt a worthy example to be followed; but he was not aware that a man to preserve his consistency must continue to follow Judas after he had betrayed his Lord."

Quick Returns.

The Alabama Legislature met in extra session at Montgomery on the 15th ult., and the Senate at once passed the following resolution:

Whereas, In the opinion of this General Assembly, the people and the army have lost confidence in Gen. Holmes and Pemberton, without questioning the integrity, patriotism, or loyalty of either of said Generals;

Resolved, That the interest of the service and the good of the cause were clearly and imperatively demanded a change in the commands of these respective generals.

The resolution was hardly passed—indeed we do not know that it was passed—when the first of the officers named, General Holmes, died of delirium tremens; and this morning we have a telegram that the other officer, General Pemberton, is also dead, having, it is said, been killed by a Texan soldier some day last week—probably on the 19th. "These respective generals" both "changed their commands" without the intervention of Jeff Davis, for which the Alabama Legislature called.—Times.

At Baton Rouge there is a contrivance of the soldiers for carrying water to the camps that displays considerable ingenuity. An ordinary barrel has fitted to the head a block of wood, with a pivot like the wheel of a wheelbarrow, and a rod of iron, like the tongue of a buggy, that forks near the barrel to draw it like a garden roller, the barrel revolving like a wheel. Two men will draw a barrel of water up the levee with tolerable ease. A negro looking on at the performance said: "Well, 'fore God what won't white men do?"

Practice thinks that, on the receipt of the news of the capture of Morgan's horse thieves a salute of one gun should be fired before the door of every stable in the land, all the equine race, horse, mare and gelding, should whinny and kick up their heels with joy. Even the jackasses and mules might bray their delight at their good fortune.

Pluck.—A young warrior in ancient times was observed to be seized with a sudden quaking and shivering all over his body; whereupon one asked him what the matter was. He replied:—"My flesh trembles at the forethought of those dangers whereunto my undaunted and resolved heart will certainly carry me."

At a trial recently, the Jury returned the following verdict:—"Guilty with some little doubt as to whether he is the man!"

### Teacher and Scholar.

A few days since Gen. Meade met the Secretary of the Treasury in Washington, and on shaking hands with him, asked, "Were you here in 1828-9, and had you a select school for boys?" He was answered in the affirmative by the Secretary, when the general asked, "I was one of the boys in your school." In 1827-8, Mr. Chase was a student in the law office of Mr. William Wirt, in Washington, and for the purpose of defraying his expenses opened a classical school.

At the theatre, Vienna, all ladies are required to take off their bonnets before entering the theatre to take their places. This provision has been found necessary since, owing to the present fashion prevailing in that article of female attire, it is almost impossible for persons sitting behind a lady with her bonnet on to see what is going on forward on the stage. At a theatre in Paris the same and has been attained by placing painted bills about the theatre containing the following announcement:—"All young and handsome ladies are politely requested to take off their bonnets. All others may keep them on."

GENERAL PRENTISS ON NEGRO SOLDIERS.—General Prentiss, in a speech at Centralia, Illinois, some days since, said: "Why not arm the negroes? I have been guarded for hours in Southern prisons by them. They use them. Why not use them? They are the only men in the South who are not afraid of the sword. The Copperheads say nothing of the South using negroes; but if the Administration use them they raise their heads in holy horror. Negroes, they say, are cowards. This has been proved false; in every action in which they have been engaged they have been found at the front. They will meet danger with the bravest. I have witnessed their bravery when brought to the test, and yet have to see them fail."

Of the Democratic party in the West only a small part opposes the war or desires the success of the rebellion. In all the States there are thousands of earnest Democrats who refuse to follow the lead of Mahoney, Vallandigham, & Co. These put aside altogether party considerations and unite with the Republicans on a common platform of devotion to the cause of the nation. This is especially true of Indiana, where the War Democrats are everywhere organizing. Why cannot it be the case in Pennsylvania? Is our State less loyal than Indiana?

Go Between.

There is perhaps not a more odious character in the world than that of a go-between—by which I mean the creature who carries to the ears of one neighbor every injurious observation that happens to drop from the mouth of another. Such a person is the slanderer's herald, and is altogether more odious than the slanderer himself. By this vile officiousness he makes that poison effective which else would be inert; for three-fourths of the slanders in the world would never injure their object, except by the malice of go-betweens, who, under the mask of double friendship, act the part of double traitor.

Beauregard denounces the Greek fire with which Gillmore's shells sent into Charleston are charged, "as a most villainous compound, unworthy of civilized nations." We have no doubt the people of Sodom thought the rain of brimstone and fire out of heaven which consumed them in the iniquity of the city was a villainous compound, but the hand of retribution was not stayed on that account.

"Words, words, words!" says Hamlet, despairingly. But heaven preserve us from the destructive power of words! There are words which can separate hearts sooner than sharp swords; there are words whose sting can remain in the heart through a whole life.

Canning leads to knavery; it is but a step from one to the other, and that very slippery; lying only makes the difference; add to cunning, and it is knavery.

A Confederate dollar bill is now worth in Dixie just nine and three quarter cents. Out of the Confederacy it is perfectly worthless.

Paper is so scarce in the South that the editor of the Morning Traction writes his editorials with stolen ink on the sole of his boot and goes bare-footed while his boy sets up the manuscript.

A young man advertises in a New York paper, for a situation as son-in-law in a respectable family. Would have no objection, he says, to going a short distance into the country.

THE SUMMER FLAG.—It is said that the identical flag which Major ANDERSON was compelled to lower at Fort Sumter is in the hands of General GRIMM, to be run up the moment the fort is re-occupied.

The surest way to prevail on a young couple to get married is to oppose them. Tell them you "would rather see them in their graves," and twelve months after their baby will pass you twice a day in a willow wagon.





